

Edw. Leggett
March 1878

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

CENTENNIAL

OF

THE CHERRY VALLEY MASSACRE,

WITH A SKETCH OF THE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,
A DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT AND
THE NAMES OF THE SUBSCRIBERS,

BY J. L. SAWYER.

CHERRY VALLEY, N. Y.

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1878.

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THE MONUMENT ENTERPRISE.

We are not to presume that the survivors of those who perished in Cherry Valley upon that ill-fated 11th of November, 1778, did not desire to erect a Monument to the memory of their slaughtered kinsmen and neighbors, even though they knew History was sure to build one "More perennial than brass." Other and more arduous duties demanded their money, their time, their talents. I find no record or any intimation or suggestion in relation to erecting a Monument until 1840, when W. W. Campbell in his address upon the Centennial of the settlement of Cherry Valley, in alluding to those who fell, says, "It would have been very gratifying, if on this occasion, we could have laid the Corner Stone of a Monument, to mark the place of their burial."

Later on, Jabez D. Hammond speaks of the duty of erecting a Monument to the memory of those who fell in the Massacre. But whatever may have been said, no action was taken. Time passed. The Centennial of 1876 came. At a public dinner in Cherry Valley upon that occasion, Douglas Campbell alluded to the matter and said that he was confident a Monument would be erected in 1878. The next issue of the *Gazette* had an article upon the subject. A few days later, a design for a Monument was drawn by Mr. Swinnerton. A cut was made by James Edwin Story. This was printed in the *Gazette*,

and described, I think by Mr. Swinnerton. Little more was said publicly until November 1877, when a meeting of the citizens was called. The following is taken from the records which have been kindly furnished by the Secretary, H. H. Browne.

November 12th, 1877.

A meeting of the citizens of Cherry Valley, N. Y., was held at Clinton Hall on the evening of November 12th, 1877, for the purpose of organizing an Association to erect a Monument to the memory of the victims of the Massacre at this place, Nov. 11th, 1778, and other Revolutionary martyrs.

The meeting was called to order by the Rev. H. U. Swinnerton. On motion, Chas. McLean was chosen temporary Chairman and H. H. Browne, Secretary. On motion, an Association was formed, called the Cherry Valley Massacre Monument Association, to have as officers, a President, Vice Presidents, a Treasurer and a Secretary.

Chas. McLean, Esq., was unanimously chosen as Permanent President. On motion; a committee of three, consisting of Chas. McLean, E. G. Thompson and P. R. Wales was appointed to nominate Vice Presidents, select the working committees and report at an adjourned meeting.

On motion, Wm. H. Baldwin was chosen Treasurer and H. H. Browne, Secretary.

On motion, adjourned to meet at the office of Chas. McLean, Esq., to-morrow evening, the 13th inst. at 7 o'clock.

H. H. Browne, Secretary.

November 13th, 1877.

Adjourned meeting of the citizens of Cherry Valley,

N. Y., held at the office of Chas. McLean, Esq., Nov. 13th, 1877, at 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of perfecting the organization of the Cherry Valley Massacre Monument Association.

Chas. McLean, Esq. in the Chair.

The committee on nominations, reported as follows :

FOR VICE PRESIDENTS,—W. W. Campbell, H. J. Olcott, Samuel C. Willson, Henry Roseboom, J. N. Clyde, Jacob Sharp, John Judd, William W. Holt, Joseph Phelon, George Merritt, J. L. Sawyer, James O. Morse, Thos. S. Wells, John C. Campbell, Horace Ripley, William H. Waldron, Amos L. Swan, John C. Winne, James Horton, Sen., DeWitt C. Clyde, William Burch, Samuel B. Campbell, Hiram Flint.

FINANCE COMMITTEE,—Frank G. Campbell, James D. Clyde, Douglas Campbell, G. W. B. Dakin.

TREASURER,—On account of non-acceptance of Wm. H. Baldwin, for Treasurer, James D. Clyde.

CONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE,—Rev. H. U. Swinnerton, Rev. M. G. Wadsworth, Abram B. Cox, John E. Hetherington, L. W. Thompson, Wm. V. S. Bastian.

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS,—P. R. Wales, H. H. Browne, N. T. Brown, Elijah G. Thompson, J. W. Barnum.

Resolved, That the President, Vice Presidents and the different committees be, and they are hereby constituted an Executive Committee of said Association.

Chas. McLean, }
E. G. Thompson. } Committee.
P. R. Wales, }

On motion, the report of the Committee as above was adopted.

H. H. Browne, Sec'y.

February 16th, 1878.

A meeting of the Cherry Valley Massacre Monument Association was held at the office of Chas. McLean, Esq., this day at 3 P. M. Report of the construction committee called for.

The committee report a certain plan as drawn by Mr. Swinnerton and give as approximate cost, \$800.

On motion by W. W. Campbell, the report of the committee was accepted and the plans as presented by them, adopted.

On motion by H. H. Browne, the construction committee was instructed to make a contract with some responsible Architect for the erection of the Monument at the lowest price, not to exceed eight hundred dollars. Adjourned.

May 11th, 1878.

A meeting of the Cherry Valley Monument Association was held at the office of Chas. McLean.

A committee, consisting of H. U. Swinnerton, J. L. Sawyer and George Merritt, was appointed to secure the principal speaker at the memorial exercises.

The subject of fixing the date of the celebration was discussed and the attendance being small and a diversity of opinion existing on the subject, it was moved by J. L. Sawyer that the question of fixing the date be postponed for one week.

May 18th, 1878.

A meeting of the C. V. M. M. Association was held at the office of Chas. McLean, Esq., this Saturday evening, May 18th, 1878 as per adjournment.

The question of fixing the time of the memorial exercises was called up. While all preferred, other things

being equal, that the exercises should be held upon the 11th of Nov., it was decided that on account of the probable inclemency of the weather at that season of the year, it would be better to appoint some other day. The fifteenth of August was therefore fixed upon as the day for holding the exercises.

May 25th, 1878.

A meeting of the C. V. M. M. A. was held this evening as per adjournment.

The committee on speaker, reported that they have invited Douglas Campbell, Esq. of New York to deliver the address on the occasion of the memorial services.

On motion the report was adopted. On motion, the committee was given the power of inviting such others as they may deem proper to speak on that occasion. On motion, adjourned.

H. H. Browne, Sec'y.

July 20th, 1878.

A meeting of the C. V. M. M. A. was held this evening as per adjournment.

Communications read from Gov. L. Robinson and Roscoe Conkling.

State of New York, Executive Chamber, }
ALBANY, July 18th, 1878. }

J. L. Sawyer, Esq. :

DEAR SIR :—I have received your polite invitation to participate in the commemoration of the Massacre in Cherry Valley on the occasion of the unveiling of the Monument to the victims of that massacre. It would afford me great pleasure to join in so interesting a ceremony, and I much regret that the pressure of official engagements will prevent my presence with you at the date fixed. With cordial thanks to the committee and yourself personally, for the courtesy of the invitation,

I am Very Respectfully Yours, L. ROBINSON.

UTICA, July 15th, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:—Please receive my thanks for your note of the 11th inst., bidding me welcome at your approaching Centennial observances. I am too much encumbered with neglected work, and rather too much jaded, to undertake journeys and addresses, and I have little hope of being able to come. But I am sincerely obliged for being remembered, and if not on the appointed day, on some day not far off, I hope the privilege may be mine to see the Monument, which will testify of the sorrow of one generation, and the appreciation of another. Cordially Yours, etc.,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

To. J. L. Sawyer, Cherry Valley, N. Y.

Moved by John Judd, that the Legend "Libertas Assera" 1775, be substituted on the Monument for the date 1776, as being a more local date.*

The following letter from Dr. Meigs Case of Oneonta, was read at a meeting of the committee, held July 27.

ONEONTA. Otsego Co., N. Y., July 20th, 1878.

Hon Wm. W. Campbell, Cherry Valley :

I have learned accidentally that some time in August next, you propose a Cherry Valley Centennial. I wish to learn the exact date, and if possible shall be present.

I have in possession a brass cockade, consisting of a flat brass ring, about two inches in diameter, surmounted by a crown, with the letters G. R. inscribed, and the words, "Butlers Ringers" on the rim. The article was found near here, and is supposed to have been lost by that party, on their way to burn C. V., at a camp ground on a bluff near the Susquehanna. I also have a Brass Tomahawk, belonging to the same period, of very interesting form and skilful English manufacture. If I attend, I hope to have the pleasure of exhibiting these

* Reference is here had to a declaration of freedom by the inhabitants of Cherry Valley, at a meeting held in May, 1775, being about two months previous to the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia.

relies to you. Not having the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, you will pardon me, for addressing one whom I can't consider an entire stranger.

I am Respectfully,

MEIGS CASE.

The preceding extracts from the minutes of the Secretary, give but a faint idea of the labors of the committee, but contain all that is necessary for the History of the Monument enterprise.

The following is taken from the *Cherry Valley Gazette* of the 22d of August.

The 15th of August was a marked day in the calendar of Cherry Valley; not from the number who was present, though it was great; nor from the character of the guests, though many of them were distinguished; but from the fact that it was the day set apart for the final act of a duty that three generations of men had neglected to perform.

In the early morn booths in process of erection, and strangers looking for the owners of vacant lots, clearly showed that the sacred duties of the day were not to be wholly separated from busines. Before nine o'clock, every road leading to the village was thronged with vehicles. At twelve there was hardly standing room in the principle streets. The procession was formed promptly at one o'clock p. m., under the direction of the Marshal, Capt. John E. Hetherington, aided by the assistant Marshals, Lient. H. H. Browne, Col. A. L. Swan, Capt. J. D. Clyde, J. W. Barnum, Esq., Capt. Harrison Van Horne and Lieut. J. L. Casler, and marching around the square proceeded immediately to the cemetery where the following program was carried out.

1. Dirge by the Band, 2. Prayer by Dr. Eliphalet Nott Potter, President of Union College, 3. Ode sung

by the Choir, 4. Remarks by the President of the day, 5. Address of Hon. Horatio Seymour, 6. Unveiling of the Monument by Hon. Thos. L. Wells, Esq. of N. J., Hon. W. W. Campbell of Cherry Valley, N. Y., DeWitt C. Clyde, Esq. of Middlefield, N. Y., Hon. S. C. Willson of Indiana and J. B. Thompson, M. D. of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., descendants of those whose names are inscribed thereon. 7. An Idyl of Cherry Valley, Poem and Chorus written for the occasion, by S. E. Johnson of Boston, 8. Address by Douglas Campbell, Esq. of New York, 9. Singing by the Choir, 10. Address by Hon. S. C. Willson of Indiana, 11. Address by Col. Snow of Oneonta, 12. Address by Dr. Potter, 13. Benediction by Rev. H. U. Swinnerton. * * * * *

At the close of the exercises, Capt. Wood's company from Oneonta, (which we may say in passing, was handsomely equipped and is one of the best disciplined companies we have ever seen) was reviewed and addressed by Gov. Seymour. We feel under great obligations to Capt. Wood and his men for the interest their presence both in the procession and at the cemetery added to the occasion. The Oneonta Band, which came with the company and also the Band accompanying the Sche-nevus Post, are especially worthy of mention.

The scene at the unveiling of the Monument, is one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The Gov. had suggested that as the veil was removed, all should reverently stand with uncovered heads. As the flag of our country, with which the structure was covered, slowly rose and from the staff to which it was attached, gave its folds to the breeze, disclosing the memento, which grateful posterity had given to the memory of these early martyrs, the vast assemblage stood in

reverent silence, with bowed and uncovered heads, while the memories of one hundred years ago pressed thick upon them.

DESCRIPTION.—The Monument is eight feet high, seven long and five wide. The base is granite. This is surmounted by the finest American marble. The weight of the Monument, apart from the foundation, is about twenty tons. It stands directly over the trench, wherein were deposited the remains of those who fell in the Massacre. On the four sides are found the words, CHERRY VALLEY, ORISKANY, FRONTENAC and DURLAGH.

The obverse contains the inscription,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THOSE WHO FELL BY MASSACRE, IN THE DEVASTATION

OF THIS VILLAGE AT THE HANDS OF THE TORIES AND

INDIANS UNDER BRANT AND BUTLER,

NOVEMBER 11th, A. D., 1778.

On the reverse, are the following names of the victims of the Massacre and of those who fell in battle.

Col. Ickabod Alden and fourteen Massachusetts soldiers, the wife of Rev. Samuel Dunlop, Robert Wells, wife and four children, John Wells, Jane Wells and three servants, William Gallt, Mrs. Elizabeth Dickson, Mrs. Eleanor Cannon, wife and four children of Hugh Mitchell: also Lieutenant Robert Campbell, who fell at Oriskany; Lieutenant Wormwood, shot by Brant at Tekaharawa; Captain Robert McKean and his men.

On panels flanking the above sides, are found the following:

Vicus Conditus 1740. *Vastatus per Cœdem* 1778.

Libertas Asserta 1775. *Virtus Decorata* 1878.

Sculptures are upon the North and South sides, or more properly speaking, ends of the Monument. On

the Panel at the North end are the Bible, Ax and Gun ; on the pediment, the tomahawk and fire brand. On the panel at the South end, the cross and laurel wreath ; on the pediment, the trumpet and inverted torch.

In elegance of design and in beauty of workmanship, the Monument is one of which we may be justly proud. For the former, we are indebted to Mr. H. U. Swinner-ton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this village, for the latter, to the skill of Mr. Almon Brown of Cherry Valley.

We congratulate the Committee and citizens of Cherry Valley generally, upon the results of the Memorial Exercises on the 15th. We do not well see how they could have passed off more pleasantly and satisfactorily. That the Addresses would be well received we knew from the character of the gentlemen who were to speak. When it was announced that the music would be under the direction of Prof. Johnson, we knew there would be no short coming in that respect. When informed, that the collation for visiting Military and Fire Companies was under the direction of Mr. P. R. Wales, assisted by the Cherry Valley Fire Company, we had no further anxiety in that matter. But the good order and system that prevailed through the entire proceedings, were after all, much better than we had dared to hope. These were doubtless due after giving credit to the president of the day, to the arrangements made by Mr. John Judd's committee, to the efficiency of the Marshals, under the direction of Mr. J. E. Hetherington and to the creditable manner in which the policemen, J. W. Davis, Chas. Rudd, Levi Hardendorf, A. T. Hardendorf, Wm. Campbell, Owen Gilday, Albert Gross and Wm. I. Moore, performed their duties. There was as is usual in large gatherings,

some drinking, yet it was our good fortune not to see a drunken man during the day, though we have no doubt some such could have been found.

The interest taken in the Celebration generally, was very clearly shown by the presence of the representatives of the press and by the publicity that has since been given to the exercises, not only by the papers that were represented, but by hundreds of others. The three leading papers of Utica had their reporters here, the *Herald* being represented by Mr. S. N. D. North, one of the editors. The *Albany Evening Journal* sent a representative, while the other Albany papers had provisions in other ways. The New York *Herald*, New York *Times*, *Evening Post*, and the *World*, were also represented. The editors of most of the county papers and many from the neighboring counties were present *in persona*.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME,

BY HON. CHAS. MCLEAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

We meet here to-day to do honor to the memory of those who one hundred years ago in this then frontier hamlet, fell beneath the murderous blows of the tomahawk or the yet more cruel scalping knife.

For a long century, the spot where their dust reposes has been so obscurely marked, that a stranger visiting our Cemetery would search in vain for the place where lie the earthly remains of those whose bloody death forms one of the most important chapters, not simply in the history of Cherry Valley, but in that of the State of New York. But however obscure their resting place may have been, they have lived not simply in our memories, but through their descendants.

All of those to whom has been assigned the duty of removing the vail from this Monument, are descendants of those whose names are inscribed thereon. The great-great grandmother of him who has been selected to deliver the principal oration to-day, was tomahawked and left to rot by the way side a little below this village. His great-grandmother was carried into a long and wearisome captivity, and his grandfather, whom so many of us have known and revered, was for several years in the hands of his savage captors

If these facts together with the monument now about

to be unveiled fail to convince any that the memory of those early martyrs continues green after the lapse of a hundred years let the vast assemblage present remove the doubt.

Ladies and Gentlemen: You have assembled here to be present at, and to assist in the performance of a sacred duty.

In behalf of the descendants of those whose memory we this day honor, I bid you welcome.

I bid you welcome in behalf of the old County of Tryon, whose loyal citizens they were.

I bid you welcome in behalf of the State of New York, which treasures their memory as a part of its legitimate heritage.

ADDRESS OF HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

At the request of the committee of arrangements, I will say a few words before the Monument is unveiled and the delivery of the address of Mr. Campbell. To-day the past speaks to us, the dead teach us lessons in heroism, the mouldering bones under this monument send out living influences which quicken our patriotism and virtues. In this grave-yard the pale, up-turned faces of the recent dead warn us how short is human life, while the ceremonies of the day which recall the events that took place on this spot one hundred years ago, tell us how men's acts live and teach for good or evil long after their bodies have changed to dust. A century has rolled away, since men and woman were murdered here because they held for their country's rights and freedom; and when another century has passed and many changes will have been made in all around us, and many of the questions which now excite us, shall have faded out of men's memories, the story of this spot of the Indians' yells of triumph, of women's shrieks of agony, and of brave men's silent struggles in death, will live as clear in history as at this hour; so lasting are men's good brave deeds, so fleeting are their lives.

When we have heard from the speaker of the day, the details of the sad drama which was enacted here, when we learn why men suffered these cruel deaths, when we

trace the influence of such patriotism as theirs upon the destinies of our country, we shall leave this ground better and braver men ; more ready to serve our country at all sacrifices ; with more courage to grapple with present doubts and dangers, and with more loyal faith in the future glory and greatness of our Union.

The teachings of the grave have lifted men and nations up to lofty acts of duty and self-sacrifice. We meet here not so much to speak of the dead, as to let the dead speak to us, and thus to keep alive that love of country which made them to suffer for its cause. We meet to get lessons of courage and patriotism which the tide of the world's concerns are apt to efface. And these lessons will sink deep into our minds when they are softened by the scenes and memories which cluster about this spot. It is right, then, that we honor the dead, and lift ourselves into higher and nobler powers of mind than those which grow out of the usual duties of life.

The full value and influence of events in the histories of nations are not seen at the time of their occurrence. The lapse of years must show these in their full proportions. Some which seem fraught with momentous results, fade out of history as they prove fruitless ; others, like rivulets from the mountain sides, swell in their courses into mighty streams. Of this nature were the wars of this region during the long contest between Britain and France for the control of the territories of this continent ; for the first settlers of Cherry Valley and of this section of the State of New York suffered from savage warfare in the French as well as the revolutionary contest. These settlements, buried in the deep forests which then burthened the land, were out of the pale of that civilization which bordered the Atlantic

coast. East of the Allegany mountains the story of their bravery, their trials and patriotism was but little known to older communities, and was overshadowed in the pages of history by writers who told only of events in their own part of the country. The great controlling features of our continent were not seen then as now, and what was inflicted or suffered here received but little notice. But as time wore on, it was seen that the hardy men who first took possession of these hills and valleys, were the keepers of the gate-ways into our country, and of the strongholds which overhung and guarded them. We have learned that those who held the passes of the Hudson and the Mohawk and the hills which shield them, became the masters of the interior of our continent, by arms in war, by commerce in peace. The Indian tribes who lived upon this range of highlands, held in awe or subjection the vast region lying between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, the great lakes and the center of North Carolina. Here for nearly an hundred years France and Britain struggled for domination and the great question if the civilization of North America should be French or English in its aspects, was ended when British Americans gained control of the western slope of the Alleganies. When we battled for independence in the revolutionary war, we gained the victory when St. Leger was defeated at Fort Stanwix and Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga. In peace, these great pathways made our State the first in commerce. In the light of these events, we learn the full significance of the border wars of this region. For this reason the event we commemorate grows in public interest as we see its relations to the grand results to which I have alluded. The interest and dignity of this occasion is felt when we bear

in mind that time in its course has shown that the events on this spot should be marked by an enduring Monument. It was a duty, not only to the dead, but to the living, that this memorial of the past should be placed here. Monuments not only tell of the virtues of the dead, but they show the character of the living and mark the civilization of a people. They prove how far they honor patriotism. Roman and Grecian Monuments in enduring stone have for many centuries been silent, but potent teachers of courage and of devotion to the public welfare. During the dark ages, they were like lighted candles in the general gloom. Even now if their time-worn remains were swept away, the world would feel the loss of objects which remind us of the heroic ages of the past. Westminster Abbey, not only teaches the merits of those whose ashes are deposited there, but it shows how the English heart responds to those claims upon public gratitude, and how it kindles the fires of ambition to serve the empire with honor. The destruction of this temple of the dead would be a heavier blow to British glory than the loss of many battles. All people who do not honor their fathers will never rise to the highest planes of national virtue or civilization. For these reasons we mourn the want of Monuments in New York, which should show that its citizens have a just sense of the value of the great and varied events in its history. This dishonors not the dead, but the living. Alas for our State! that its events, the most varied and far reaching of our country, are allowed to fall into oblivion or are but little known and cared for by its citizens. Alas, for the dwellers in the valley of the Mohawk! the graves of their fathers are unmarked, and its history, surpassing in dramatic interest the in-

ventions of romance, is fading out from the memories of those who enjoy the fruits of their toils and sufferings. If Monuments kept alive the story of the hardships endured by their ancestors and their loyal faith in the darkest hour, we should have more manhood now in dealing with the passing troubles of our day and brighter hopes of the future of our Union. I stand here to-day, not only to show my reverence for the dead, but my respect and gratitude to the living, who have put up this memorial stone. I trust their example will be followed and that the report of this day's ceremonies will shame others into like acts of proud duty.

When this Monument is unveiled, let us reverently uncover our heads and show that there is a response in our hearts to their sturdy patriotism ; that we are made strong by their grand faith amid trials and sufferings ; and that the blood of innocent children, of wives and mothers and of brave men, was not shed in vain, and that an hundred years have added to the value of the costly sacrifice. Then we shall leave this ground better men, with higher, nobler purposes of life than animated us when we entered the enclosure of the domain of the dead.

AN IDYL OF CHERRY VALLEY,
LYRO-EPIC,
BY J. C. JOHNSON OF BOSTON.

WHAT THE EAGLES SAW.

RECITATIVE.

High in the blue serene, or through the storm,
Dashing with sounding wing ; or on the wave
Of bright Otsego swooping on the prey ;
Or far above the cliffs of Catskill poised,
Then reigned the EAGLES, kings of all the air !
Beneath, a waste of woodland stretching far,
(The keenest eye its bound might never trace,)
But here and there, amid the green expanse,
Were gleaming waters. Now a silver thread
That marked the Mohawk's course, now in the west,
Like seas of glory 'neath the setting sun,
Cayuga there, and Seneca. And to the north,
And east, and distant south, half hid,
In summer haze, rose, rock-ribbed, huge,
The giant mountains ! All the land was still.
A forest land, a place of hills and streams,
Except the scattered tribes, scarce seen or heard,
No men were there, and Nature dwelt alone !
So passed long centuries.

CHORUS.

Strong were thy walls, O fair and lovely valley !
Safe roamed the wild deer 'mid thy sylvan shades !
Spring with reviving touch decked the swaying branches ;
Fierce rushed the wintry wind adown the forest glades,
Fair land, and free land, through those distant ages,
Ripening and waiting still, to be our home.
O, glorious land, O silent land,
Our own fair home, our own loved home.

THE PIONEERS.

Behold, at length, the wilderness
Receives its Pilgrim Band !
They fell the forests waving pride !
They hail the Promised Land !

Ah ! soon arise the cottage walls,
And shines the cheerful fire !
Around cry "welcome" all the winds !
Loud sings the forest choir !

And pious hands a Temple rear,
Whence grateful praise and prayer,
Ascend to bless the Maker kind,
Of scenes so bright and fair.

O, happy valley ! long endure
These homes of peaceful joy !
Afar the scenes of war and strife,
Nor worldly cares alloy !

1778.

Alas! that this must be! No peaceful home is here!
What ruddy flames! What sounds of war!
Mid fire and blood! mid cries of woe!
The cottage walls!—the hopes of years!
In dust and ashes lie!

DIRGE.

Silent, O silent, tranquil be thy slumber;
They who have ceased to feel this earthly woe,
Safe from the wintry blasts, here 'neath the sheltering
 boughs,
Softly they rest, nor aught of all our sorrow know.
Stars, ever faithful watch the lonely valley,
Waiting the dawn of hope, of life again.
Oh, silent land, Oh, slumber deep,
No care have they who softly sleep.

1878.

No baptism rude of fire or blood
May fright the dauntless soul,
The hand that shaped the valley fair,
Shall yet our fate control.

Again arise the cottage walls,
Again with hymns of joy,
The dwellers in the wilderness
Their Sabbath hours employ,
For sorrow's brief, and pleasure long,
And years roll swift away,
And for a hundred harvests rich,
We raise the song to-day.

Look forth, O dwellers on the mount!
An empire may you see!
Our hands have tamed the wilderness,
A nations home to be.
The rolling car, the lightning's flash
That darts along the wire,
Proclaim a new and better day,
Then minstrel take thy lyre!
And sing, and sing the valley fair,
That died and rose again,
There for this happy hundred years,
Let the anthem ring again.

CHORUS.

Land of our fathers, tried and true and glorious,
Long may thy radiance fill the world with light;
Foes may assail in vain, o'er them all victorious,
Strong are the arms that guard our honor and our right.
All then in chorus, full and rich,—harmonious,—
Praise we our valley fair, our native land,
Our native land, Our native land.
Our native land, Our native land.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

I AM very glad that we have met to-day to unveil a monument, and not to lay its corner-stone. The country is dotted all over with the corner-stones of pretentious structures, which, judging from the history of the past, will never be completed. You, with what I think is greater wisdom, have built your modest monument and deferred all ceremonies until its actual completion.

Thirty-eight years ago, this little valley was filled with a multitude gathered from all quarters of the union to celebrate the centennial of the settlement of Cherry Valley. William H. Seward, then the Governor of the State, and who since has died full of years and honors, graced the scene with his presence and added to its interest by one of his eloquent speeches. There was also present the Rev. Doctor Nott, who began his career as a minister in this hamlet, and who afterwards, as President of Union College, placed the stamp of his character upon the minds of more than two generations of the leading men of the United States. The chief address upon that occasion, was delivered by a native-born son of Cherry Valley, who years before had gathered up the scattered documents and vanishing traditions relating to its history, and woven them into a permanent record. Speaking of the event which we commemorate, he expressed regret that this place was not marked by a

fitting monument. To-day he has his wish. The intervening years have brought to him many joys and honors, but I question whether they have borne a more gratifying moment than the present.

We have come together, not to celebrate a victory, but to commemorate a tragedy—a tragedy which blotted from existence the settlement in this valley, and gave back its fields and forests to the wolf and red man. If this were all of the story, we might feel a pang of sorrow, even after a hundred years, as we thought of the desolation of those early settlers, but history would scarcely have noticed the event. All over the land, from Maine to California, houses have been burned, farms have been ravaged, and hamlets have been blotted out by the destroying savage. From the first advent of the white man to these shores, such tragedies have formed the sad refrain of our frontier annals. The greed of the European, his disregard of justice, and even of plighted faith, his wild rioting in unbridled power, have brought upon him at times the vengeance of a race whose warriors boast as trophies the scalps of women and helpless babes. Trace back the colonial history of the country, and we find the same record which the West presents to day, where the plundered, half-starved wards of the nation, when they can bear no more, break out in the frenzy of despair.

The Puritans of New England applied to the red man all the prophecies and imprecations which the Old Testament launched against the heathen. They stripped them of their lands, as remorselessly as the chosen people spoiled the Egyptians, they smote them hip and thigh as relentlessly as their prototypes had smitten the Philistines. If in the course of such a history, the

heathen retaliated and burned a village, a monument upon that spot would only perpetuate the memory of a gigantic wrong. In our own colony, the early record was but little different. At times, under the Dutch rule, the outlying settlements were plundered, and once, even Manhattan Island was almost made a waste. But follow the uprising of the Indians to its origin, and there was always back of it the crime of the dishonest or the outrage of the fiendish white man.

But the massacre at Cherry Valley was of no such character as this. It was not bred from injustice or outrage to the Indian. It was an outgrowth of the Revolution, pure and simple. It was but one, although the most marked, of a series of tragedies in which the people of Central New York sealed in blood their devotion to the cause of human liberty. It has been overshadowed by the massacre at Wyoming, which occurred a few months earlier, but even these two events were much dissimilar. Wyoming was settled by a colony from Connecticut, which, without right, claimed a large tract of land located within the borders of Pennsylvania. This alone led to a petty civil war, in which the settlement was destroyed three several times before the Revolution. Again, the land in dispute between the whites had been reserved by the Indians for a hunting ground. It was claimed by them that a pretended conveyance obtained by the Connecticut company, was executed only by a few unauthorized sachems, who had been plied with liquor. The attack upon the settlement made in July, 1778, was led by the hostile white claimants to the land, and was joined in by the Indians, who for years had been complaining bitterly of the wrong done to them.

For the massacres in Central New York, of which that

at Cherry Valley was typical, no such provocation or pretence of one existed. The lands here had been purchased in good faith, the Indian title had been quieted, and there never was an adverse claimant. No injustice or wrong had been perpetrated upon the red man. On the contrary, the most friendly relations existed between the races; and among the inhabitants of this valley, Brant, the Mohawk chief, numbered some of his dearest friends.

It is this peculiar character of the event which we commemorate to-day which gives to it historic interest. It illustrated a phase of the Revolutionary struggle which was almost unknown outside of Central New York, which is little understood, but without which the history of that great conflict is very incomplete.

To comprehend the whole bearing of the story, two considerations must be kept in view—the geography of the country and the character of its inhabitants.

Look at the map of the thirteen Colonies, and you will see that New York is fitted to its place like the keystone of an arch: at the lowest angle it touches the ocean, while its northern frontier stretches along the St. Lawrence and the lakes. Nor is this all. Remember that Canada was always hostile, and see how the settlements of New England were protected by an almost impenetrable forest, while the Colonies to the south and west had New York between them and the foe. But look again at the map, and you will discover something of more importance in New York's history. On the east you will see the waters of Lake Champlain, which flow to Canada, almost mingling with the head-waters of the Hudson, which empties into the Atlantic, while the Mohawk cuts the triangle east and west. Now recall the

fact that the colonies had no great highways but the lakes and rivers, and you will appreciate New York's position. Nature gave her the key to the American continent, and almost from her earliest infancy hostile nations were striving for its mastery. Following this view of the geographical situation a little more in detail, we shall see the paramount importance of Central New York in Colonial history and the Revolutionary struggle. Trace up the Mohawk to its source, and we find its waters almost confused with the streams which run northward into the lakes. Step over the narrow range of hills which bound the Mohawk on the south, and we come to the great water-shed of the country, on whose slope the streams arise which make up the Delaware, the Susquehanna flowing into Chesapeake Bay, and the Ohio which empties into the Mississippi, and thence into the gulf of Mexico.

To this natural configuration of Central New York is largely due the predominance of the Five Nations whose long house stretched along the Mohawk. When the Europeans landed in America, they found this powerful confederacy of the native tribes acknowledged as conquerors from the great lakes to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Other tribes were hemmed in by mountains, or by boundless barren wastes, but no such barriers impeded their conquests. Launching their light canoes on the streams which flowed from their hunting grounds as from a mighty fountain, in time of need they could hurl an overwhelming force upon almost any foe. By nature, the bravest and most relentless of the Indians, a long career of conquest had intensified their native traits. Sage in counsel, wily in diplomacy, and fearless in battle, they have well been called the Ro-

mans of America. The English recognized their prowess, and in very early days made with them treaties of alliance; not as conquered tribes, but as sovereign nations they acknowledged the kings of England as their superior lords. It was through their conquests that the English claimed a title to the vast territory in the West, which years later was successfully enforced against the pretensions of the French.

Remarkable as was New York's geographical position, still more peculiar was the character of her population. In this she differed from all her neighbors; they, for the most part, were settled by a homogeneous people, but New York was always cosmopolitan.

First in time stand the Dutch—heroic men, who came in an heroic age. We never can over-estimate their influence in the history of American liberty. Their New England neighbors sometimes sneered at the Dutchmen; but Motley, a New England historian, has taught the whole world to do them honor. Defeating in the open field the trained legions of Spain, the great military power of Europe; building up a navy which made them masters of the sea; establishing the first great republic; taking as their motto, Taxation only by consent; and enforcing the doctrine of universal religious toleration, they were fit men to lay the foundations of the Empire State. Mingling with them came French Huguenots, men who chanted psalms as they went into the battle of Ivry with Henry of Navarre, who, driven from France, blighted by their absence the country which they left. These, with accessions from the more liberal thinkers of New England, made up the population of the eastern and lower portion of the province.

But it is in the people of Central New York that we

to-day are chiefly interested. And here we encounter two other races that have left deep impressions on the world's history—the Germans and the Scotch-Irish.

Late in the seventeenth century, Louis XIV., seeking universal dominion, invaded Germany. The Rhenish Palatinate, whose inhabitants were mostly Protestants, was swept over by his armies as with a tempest of fire. Prosperous towns and thriving cities were blotted out, and whole districts made a desolation. The homeless people, nearly naked in the depth of winter, were set adrift and scattered to the four quarters of the earth. Large numbers of them took refuge in England. Thence, in 1710, about three thousand emigrated to New York. They had been promised aid by the government in their settlements, but these promises were mostly broken. Left to shift for themselves, many went to Pennsylvania; but the rest, making their way into the interior, settled along the Schoharie Creek and on the upper waters of the Mohawk. They were an industrious, active, prudent people; among them were men of learning and capacity, and when the Revolutionary struggle came, they were surpassed by none in devotion to the cause of liberty.

Thus far, every settlement made in New York, except those upon Long Island, had crept along some navigable stream of water. Now a new departure was to be taken, by pushing across the range of hills which bounds the Mohawk on the south. This was reserved for a race perhaps the most remarkable of all the pioneer settlers of America. I refer to the Scotch-Irish, who have given to this country John Stark, Robert Fulton, James K. Polk, Sam. Houston, Horace Greeley, John C. Calhoun, and Andrew Jackson. "World-conquering," they have well

been called; certainly, when they plunged into this wilderness, they needed all the energy and nerve which have made the blood so famous.

In 1738, Lieutenant-Governor George Clarke made a grant of about eight thousand acres of land in this section to four gentlemen, one of whom was probably his own representative, as was customary among officials in those simple days. Shortly after, three of the grantees assigned their interest to John Lindesay, one of their number, and the Lieutenant Governor. In 1739, the patent was surveyed and divided, Clarke receiving his portion, part of which his descendants own to-day.

To the white man this whole region was then an unbroken wilderness; but to the Indians it was familiar ground. The Five Nations, which, by the accession of another tribe, had now become the Six Nations, had a colony at Oquago, on the Susquehanna, in the present county of Broome. To reach that place from the Mohawk, they came through this valley, struck the Cherry Valley Creek, and thence in their canoes could float down the Susquehanna.

Mr. Lindesay, who was a Scotch gentleman of some distinction in the colony, attracted doubtless by the beauty of the scenery, concluded to take up his residence upon this spot. He selected for a farm a tract of land just below the present village, now occupied by Mr. Joseph Phelon. There with his family he passed the ensuing winter. The season proved severe, even for this climate; the snow fell to a great depth; their provisions gave out, and starvation stared them in the face. Haply they had cultivated the friendship of the natives and at the critical moment, an Indian appeared upon the scene, probably passing from Oquago to the Mohawk.

Learning the condition of affairs, he hastened on his snow-shoes to the river settlements, and thence bore, on his back, food for the helpless pioneers. Thus here, as elsewhere, did the savage welcome the European with acts of kindness; and I am glad to say that here the kindness was repaid by gratitude and justice.

The experience of this winter almost discouraged Mr. Lindesay, but the next year he was cheered by the arrival of about thirty Scotch-Irish settlers, from Londonderry, in New Hampshire, led by the Rev. Samuel Dunlop, a Presbyterian clergyman and a graduate of Trinity College, in Dublin. From that moment the success of the little colony was assured. The men who had left their homes for religion's sake were not to be daunted by hardship; they who had passed through the siege of Londonderry were to be affrighted by no dangers. Their first step was to build a church in which to worship God; next their leader opened a classical school for the education of their children. Thus the valley was dedicated to Religion, and her hand maid, liberal education. This was the first church west of the Hudson in which there was preaching in the English language, and the first classical school of central or western New York.

Down to the outbreak of the French and Indian war in 1755, the settlement had grown but little, yet it had more than held its own. That conflict, which proved the training school for the war of Independence, threatened it with annihilation. A part of the Six Nations, composed of the more western tribes, proved unfaithful to their English allies, and hovered over the frontier like a dreadful portent of ruin and desolation. At one time it seemed as if Cherry Valley must be abandoned

till the return of peace, but the erection of some rude fortifications and the stationing of a company of rangers in the place averted the necessity. Yet, even at this period, with the torch lighted for the destruction of their homes, and the tomahawk sharpened for their wives and children, these brave pioneers turned out for distant fields of service. In the famous campaign of 1757, a number of them were in the provincial army commanded by Sir William Johnson, at Fort Edward. Even after the Revolution the survivors of these veterans could hardly restrain their tears, as they told of the massacre at Fort William Henry, caused by the cowardice of the regular English commander, who forbade Johnson and his militia from marching to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

By the termination of the war which gave to Great Britain the whole continent to the banks of the Mississippi, the infant settlement felt relieved from danger. Thenceforth its increase was more rapid, but as compared with the magic growth of towns and states to which we are accustomed in modern days, it was yet extremely slow. The whole section south of the Mohawk was almost a wilderness. The hills were rugged, the winters long and bitter, and the soil not so inviting as that along the Mohawk and the Hudson. Still, by its streams rich bottom lands were found, and like the creepers of a climbing plant, hidden in the knotted bark of some great forest tree, here and there a bunch of leaves, a blossom or a bud, gave signs of growth. Down the creek which rises here within the sound of my voice, and forms the chief branch of the Susquehanna, the settlers took their way, planting a little colony at Otego, another at Sidney Plains near Unadilla, and following up a

tributary stream founding the beautiful village of Laurens. Still further down and on Charlotte Creek, the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, the renowned Harpers from Cherry Valley planted the settlement of Harpersfield. Across the hills to the west, Springfield was founded at the head of Otsego lake, and to the southwest Newtown Martin, which we now call Middlefield. In the other direction towards the north they made a little settlement at Bowman's Creek, half way down the hills to the Mohawk. Over on the east, but a few miles distant, the sturdy Germans had cultivated the valleys of the Schoharie, and of the Cobleskill, while the Mohawk, as far up as the present village of Herkimer, was alive with an active, industrious, thriving people. These settlements formed central and western New York, at the outbreak of the Revolution.

To-day this portion of the State contains a vast population; but we are not to imagine that it bore any such appearance a hundred years ago. Cherry Valley, which was the centre and parent of the settlements along the Susquehanna, contained only about three hundred inhabitants. The others were much smaller, some of them being composed of only a few scattered families. In 1772 the county of Tryon was carved out of the old county of Albany. It embraced all that part of the State lying west of a line drawn north and south nearly through the center of the present county of Schoharie. Its entire population was estimated at ten thousand, of whom not more than twenty-five hundred could have been capable of bearing arms. Now remember that the Six Nations alone, who lived around and among these people, numbered over two thousand brave and skillful warriors, while in the whole department there were over

twenty-five thousand savages trained to the use of arms, and you will gain a faint idea of what it meant when the yeomen of Central New York espoused the cause of liberty.

From the close of the French and Indian war, Indian out-breaks in New York had been a thing unknown. The policy adopted by the English after the conquest of the province in 1664, was intended to secure this result, but as the colony grew in numbers and pushed itself out on every side, it is questionable whether it could have been accomplished, except for the genius of one man, and this man deserves here more than a passing notice.

Early in the last century Sir Peter Warren, an English admiral, who married the sister of James DeLancey, Chief Justice of the province, purchased a large tract of land in the Mohawk Valley, about twenty miles west of Schenectady. To superintend its settlement and sale, he sent to Ireland for one of his nephews, William Johnson, a young man of twenty-three years of age. This youth settled upon his uncle's tract. He opened a store and traded with the natives. He purchased land in his own name, and soon acquired a fortune. Broad-shouldered and atheletic, fond of wild sports, inflexibly honest, and truthful to a proverb, the Indians soon came to love him as a brother. The government recognized his ability, made him superintendent of Indian affairs, commander of the frontier militia, and a baronet of Great Britain.

His history reads like a romance. There is nothing like it in the Colonial annals. A scholar, understanding French and Latin, sending to Europe for rare engravings and the latest works on science, we find him at times dressed in Indian costume parading among the

dusky warriors like a native chief. In the broad halls of his noble mansion on the Mohawk, the Six Nations were always welcome guests. They felt at home, for Sir William could converse with them in their native tongue. There they would sometimes gather in hundreds, and although surrounded by unguarded stores of what to them were treasures of untold value, their host never lost the value of a farthing. In all their controversies with individuals or the government he protected his Indian wards, as in ancient Roman days the tribunes stood between the people and the oppression of the nobles. If anything more was needed to raise him in their estimation, it was found in the connection which he formed with Molly Brant, the sister of the great Mohawk chieftain, who has written his name in blood and fire all over the valleys of Central New York.

The influence of Sir William Johnson over the Indian tribes was almost unbounded; among the Six Nations, in particular, his word was law. Added to the weight of his private character was the fact, that, as superintendent of Indian affairs, he represented to them the sovereignty of Great Britain. Annually he distributed the presents which the mother country with sagacious liberality lavished upon her savage allies. Nor was his influence confined to the native tribes. He was hardly less powerful among the whites. In 1764 he founded the village of Johnstown, erected there a baronial mansion, and gathered about him a colony of Catholic Scotch Highlanders. Other settlers flocked in, and when Tryon county was created in 1772, his town became the county seat. He married in early life a daughter of one of the Germans in the Mohawk Valley, and his relations with these people were always intimately friendly. The

whole population looked up to him as a leader, consulted him on all important affairs, and never found their confidence misplaced.

Such were the character and position of Sir William Johnson. No man in America equalled him in influence; no one except the proprietor of Pennsylvania was the owner of such vast estates. Had he lived, the history of Central New York might have been very different, for it is questionable whether he would have unloosed the savage hordes about him upon the friends of his youth and manhood. But in July, 1774, just as the conflict opened, this great man died. His title and estates descended to his son Sir John Johnson, the superintendency of Indian affairs fell upon his nephew and son-in-law, Colonel Guy Johnson, both of whom were very different characters from the man whom they succeeded. The old baronet had made his own fortune, had grown up with the valley, and sympathized with the settlers about him; the young men were bred to wealth and luxury, and looked down on poverty and toil. The old man, though made a British baronet, never forgot his youth, and is said to have keenly felt the wrongs of his adopted country; the young men were scions of the aristocracy, and felt only the wrongs of their own order. Sir William was the benefactor of his valley; his son and nephew became its scourges, and their names have been pilloried in history.

Neither of the young men who now came upon the stage, possessed the ability or the influence of the man whose loss the whole colony deplored. Yet they were active and untiring, and from their wealth and position wielded a power only second to that of their predecessor. Colonel Guy Johnson had been selected by his

uncle to succeed him as superintendent, and took the position with all the prestige of a mighty name and the warm gratitude of the Indian tribes. Sir John was a man of less ability, but the Tories of the valley, who were rich and powerful, looked up to him as their natural leader.

Such was the position of affairs in July, 1774. The month previous the Boston Port Bill went into operation. The friends of liberty in New York City had suggested a Continental Congress. Already the storm of approaching war was visible around the whole horizon. Men less brave than the settlers of Tryon County might well have hesitated as they looked into the future. At Johnstown, barring their communication with the eastern portion of the province, lay Sir John and Colonel Guy Johnson, with five hundred Roman Catholic Scotch Highlanders, Tories to the core; all along their northern frontier stretched Canada, whose loyalty to England was never doubted. Water communication on the east and on the west laid them open to the incursions of the foe, while in their midst dwelt an enemy of equal numbers with their own, whose weapons of war were the torch, the tomahawk and scalping knife.

But these men never faltered. In August, 1774, they held a large meeting at Palatine to express their sympathy with the Bostonians, and their concurrence in the plan of a Continental Congress. The resolutions put forth on that occasion are worthy to stand with any adopted in the thirteen colonies. We are loyal to King George, they say, but we insist upon our rights as English subjects, which are so sacred that we cannot permit their violation. We can be taxed only with our own consent; any other method is unjust and unconstitu-

tional. They pledged themselves to unite with their brethren in the rest of the colony in anything tending to support their rights and liberties, and engaged faithfully to abide by the conclusions of the approaching Congress. Early in the spring of 1775, the Tories at Johnstown drew up and circulated an address avowing their opposition to the measures adopted at Philadelphia. At once meetings were called all through the county to protest against this action, and one of the largest and most enthusiastic was held in Cherry Valley. On the appointed day, the little church was filled with the patriotic people. Even the smaller children were taken by their parents that they might be baptized with the air of freedom. At this and similar gatherings, articles of association were subscribed denouncing the proceedings at Johnstown, and pledging the subscribers to the support of Congress. A few days afterwards the Palatine Committee wrote a letter to the committee of Albany, describing the peculiar condition of affairs in Tryon County, asking that no ammunition should be sent there unless consigned to them or persons whom they should name, and concluding with the words, "It is our fixed resolution to be free or die." These were high-sounding but not empty words. With their lives, the men who wrote them redeemed their promises.

Meantime the Johnsons were fortifying their homes along the Mohawk. Still no act of violence was committed by their partisans, and the friends of liberty thought it advisable not to precipitate a conflict. The Indians had not risen, and Colonel Guy Johnson, the new Superintendent, declared his purpose to maintain their neutrality if possible. Indignantly he disclaimed the idea that he could be capable of setting the savages

on his peaceful neighbors ; and yet while the words were upon his lying lips, he had received secret instructions from the crown to induce the Six Nations to take up the hatchet against the king's rebellious subjects. Few things in history equal the infamy of these instructions, which we now know emanated directly from King George the Third. In the French wars the case had been very different, for the French themselves always employed their Indian allies. But the employment of the savages by the English in the Revolution, while the Americans only sought to keep them neutral, has no excuse or palliation.

At first Colonel Johnson made little headway in following out his orders. He called an Indian counsel at his residence, but felt himself so hampered by the suspicious men about them, that he removed to Ontario with his whole family and retinue. With him there went two persons of great influence among the Indians; the one was Molly Brant, with her eight children by Sir William Johnson ; the other was her brother, the famous Joseph Brant, Thayendanegea.

Brant was a full blooded Mohawk chief, tall, erect and princely in his movements. Educated at an English school in Connecticut, he had lived much among the whites, but never lost his native traits. Education, instead of enfeebling, only made him a more fearful foe. He possessed the self control of the white man, with the endurance and the cunning of the savage. The tales of his cold-blooded cruelty are doubtless fictions, for he showed at times a true nobility of character. But in the heat of battle he was terrible. For years to come his name along the border almost made the boldest shudder. He seemed to bear a charmed life, his move-

ments no one could divine, but his blows were as unerring and as swift as fate. In 1776 he was made principal war chief of the confederacy, but now he was secretary to Colonel Guy Johnson, and in that position rendered efficient services. At Ontario, another council was held and his Majesty's work was soon accomplished. All the Six Nations, except a few Tuscaroras and about half of the Oneida tribe, pledged themselves to support the English cause. Thence, Col. Johnson passed into Canada, secured the services of seventeen hundred of the northern confederacy, and then took up his residence in Montreal. Sir John Johnson still remained at home, but in the next year it was determined to disarm the Tories in the Mohawk Valley, and he was arrested and liberated on parole. Shortly after he shamelessly broke his parole, and also fled to Canada. Thereafter he only meditated vengeance on his countrymen.

Still for sometime Tryon county suffered little. Many of the Six Nations had gone to Canada with Col. Johnson; the more bitter royalists, among whom were the wealthy Butlers, had done the same, and although rumors of Indian invasions were heard on every side, none actually occurred. But this was felt to be only the calm before a storm. The Declaration of Independence had been hailed with great joy throughout the country, and peace it was known could now only be attained by force of arms. The inhabitants organized into companies, erected rude fortifications about their houses, and prepared for the approaching contest.

In 1777 the storm broke upon Central New York.

Thus far the colonial war for independence had been almost an unbroken series of disasters. Now the English government concluded to make one grand effort

and end the struggle. New York was recognized as the key to the continent; could it be captured, the other States might be mastered in detail. To effect this object, a campaign was planned in England with great elaboration. It was resolved to send out three expeditions, one under the commander in chief, to start from New York and follow up the Hudson; another under Burgoyne, to march from the north by the way of Lake Champlain; and the third under St. Leger, to start from Oswego, and go down the Mohawk Valley. The three armies when their work was done, were to meet at Albany, and the confederacy would be cut in twain. The scheme was well conceived, and but for the valor of Tryon County it might have been successful. Sir John Johnson had represented to the British government, that the Tories in the Mohawk Valley were in the majority of five to one, and that it needed only the presence of some regular troops to cause a general uprising. These were furnished, and they were the picked of the English army. With them marched Sir John Johnson, and his regiment of Tories, burning for revenge, Colonel Butler of the Mohawk and his Tory rangers, and the Six Nations led by Brant. Patiently they had bided their time, and now at length it had arrived. Had they been successful, had they swept down the valley with the prestige of victory, swelling their forces as they marched, and bringing to Burgoyne the supplies of which he was in such bitter need, no one can say that Saratoga would have witnessed the surrender of the British army.

When the news went down through the Mohawk Valley that St. Leger with his force of British troops, Tories and Indian allies were on the march, offering a

reward of twenty dollars for every American scalp, the whole people were aroused. On the way from Oswego and upon the site of the present City of Rome, stood Fort Schuyler, the old Fort Stanwix, of the French and Indian war, held by seven hundred and fifty continental troops, commanded by Colonel Gansevoort, of Albany. St. Leger saw that he must take this fort or nothing would be gained. The delay was unexpected, for it was supposed that the place was out of repair and would fall without a blow. When the army encamped before it, the summons went out to the patriots of Tryon County to hasten to its aid. At once eight hundred men flew to arms. They were mostly Germans, for the notice was so sudden that only those living in the upper Mohawk region had time to reach the field. But three men from the Cherry Valley settlements joined the expedition—Colonel Samuel Campbell, Major Samuel Clyde, and Lieutenant Robert Campbell. The two former were members of the Committee of Safety of Tryon County, and probably were in attendance at a meeting in the valley; the last who lost his life in the subsequent engagement, lived at Bowman's Creek.

Of the battle of Oriskany, which turned back the tide threatening the Mohawk Valley with destruction, I have little time to speak. A year ago, seventy-five thousand people on the battle ground listened to the story from abler lips than mine. They heard how the eight hundred yeomen led by Herkimer fell into an ambuscade. How they fought for life, and yet wrested victory from the jaws of death. How, when the sun went down, St. Leger's expedition had received its death blow. How the Mohawk Valley was saved and Burgoyne's last hope was swept away. Washington said "Herkimer first re-

versed the gloomy scene" of the campaign. General Schuyler and General Gates praised the victors for their courage, and General George Clinton, just inaugurated the first Governor of New York, thanked them, in behalf of the new-born State.

This is the story of the triumph, but I have another tale to tell. The battle saved the Mohawk Valley to the patriot cause, and I concur in all that was said a year ago regarding its importance; but it brought upon Tryon County for the next four years a storm of fire and blood, by which it was nearly blotted from existence. The causes of this we have not far to seek. Although the Indian tribes had two years before pledged themselves to support the British cause, they had thus far been rather lukewarm. They had many friends among the patriots, and could not see any advantage to themselves in a war between the whites. Brant, to be sure, felt otherwise, for he was a captain under English pay, but he could not carry the confederacy beyond a general treaty of alliance. When they joined the army of St. Leger, it was solely upon the promise of Sir John Johnson, that there should be no fighting, simply scalping and plunder without danger to themselves. But the battle of Oriskany changed all this. In that engagement and the sortie from Fort Schuyler, the Indians lost nearly a hundred of their bravest warriors. This loss they swore should be avenged, and fearfully they kept their oath. Again, the Tories who had fled to Canada, had waited patiently for two years, expecting the time to come when, with a British force, they could return, and taking possession of the valley re-occupying their homes. The opportunity had come, but had only proved that their hopes were false. To them, too, nothing but

revenge was left. They swore to ruin where they could not rule. Among them were brave and noble men; aided by Brant, whose efforts were unceasing, they now found no difficulty in inciting the savages to slaughter. Alone either party would have been comparatively harmless, united they ranged like fiends over the whole of Tryon County. The cold-blooded atrocities perpetrated on their prisoners by the Tories and Indians after the battle of Oriskany gave a foretaste of the future. Spurred on by the whites, the savages put their unresisting captives to death with all the tortures that ingenuity could devise. Not satisfied with this, it is said that they roasted the bodies and ate the flesh.

In the autumn after the battle, occurred a few scattered outrages, but in 1778 the bloody drama opened which made Tryon County a wide waste of desolation.

And now we come to the events which took place here. To both Indians and Tories, Cherry Valley was an object of bitter hatred. Here resided John Moore, who was the delegate to the Provincial Congress from Tryon County, and particularly obnoxious for his earnest stand for Colonial Independence. Here also lived Colonel Samuel Campbell and Major Samuel Clyde, both members of the County Committee of Safety, and surpassed by none in patriotism, energy, and zeal. They were skillful Indian fighters, and had done great execution in the battle of Oriskany. After the fall of Herkimer, Colonel Campbell had been left the highest officer upon the field, and at the close of the engagement was in command of the American forces. The other residents of the town were not inferior to these men in love of liberty. Probably no place in the United States has such a Revolutionary record as this frontier town. It

numbered, as I have already stated only about three hundred inhabitants, and yet in 1776, with the neighboring settlement of Middlefield, which contained but a few scattered families, it furnished thirty-three soldiers to the patriot army; one out of every ten of its inhabitants, men, women and children.

As the central and largest settlement south of the Mohawk river, the people of the surrounding country had early flocked to it for safety. A rude fortification had been thrown up around the walls of Colonel Campbell's residence, which occupied the place where his grandson's house now stands, on a side hill commanding a full view of the valley. Into this primitive fortress the people had gathered in time of danger, and the presence of a company of rangers had thus far secured their safety. But in the spring after the battle of Oriskany, General LaFayette, who was in the Mohawk Valley, appreciating the importance of the position, directed a fort to be constructed in the town.

This fort was subsequently erected, but meantime an incident occurred, which lights up with a touch of humor a picture which is otherwise monotonously sad. Early in May, Brant had planned a descent upon the settlement, having been informed that it was at that time without a guard of soldiers. Stealthily approaching through the forest with his hostile band, he gained without detection the summit of a hill which bounds the valley on the east. Looking down from this height, to his utter consternation, he beheld a company of troops, parading on the green in front of Colonel Campbell's house. Satisfied that he had been deceived, he concluded to abandon his attack; when, at a later day, he learned the truth, even his stoic calm must have been some-

what moved. The doughty warriors whose appearance had so astonished him, proved to be a company of little boys, the children of the settlement, dressed out in paper hats and armed with wooden swords and guns.

But the day which began in comedy had a tragic ending. Unable to reconcile the evidence of his own senses with the information which was brought to him, Brant passed a little to the north, and took his station near the beautiful Falls of the Tekaharawa, some two miles distant from the village. That morning, Lieutenant Wormwood, a son of a wealthy patriot of Palatine, and personally a friend of Brant, had come up from the Mohawk River, bringing the intelligence that Colonel Klock would arrive the next day with a part of his regiment of militia. Late in the afternoon he started to return, accompanied by Peter Sitz, the bearer of some dispatches. Throwing down his portmanteau, he mounted his horse, saying, "I shall not need that, as I shall return to-morrow with my company." His to-morrow never came. A few minutes after their departure, his horse returned alone, the saddle stained with blood. From behind a rock which stands near the romantic falls, Brant had appeared and commanded them to halt. Disregarding the order, they had put spurs to their horses, and tried to pass. A shot wounded Wormwood, and as he fell Brant rushed forward, and, mistaking his old friend for a Continental officer, tomahawked him with his own hand. Sitz was captured, but managed to destroy the dispatches showing the true state of the garrison. He gave up a false set which he carried; and Brant being now assured of his mistake, went on, and Cherry Valley was left in peace.

During the summer the fort was constructed, which

h 26 } had been ordered by General La Fayette. It was a rude structure, built by the inhabitants themselves, but sufficient for frontier warfare. Located just below the present village, it encircled the church and the plot of ground used then and now as a graveyard. Within its walls the people stored their valuables, and themselves took refuge. Going out to till their fields, one party worked, while another stood guard with loaded muskets. About them the air was heavy with dreadful news. In June, Brant and his savages had burned the neighboring settlement of Springfield. In July, Colonel John Butler, with some fiendish Tories, and a band of Indians, had desolated the beautiful Valley of Wyoming. About the same time, a force of four hundred and fifty Indians, invaded the Valley of the Cobleskill, and laid it waste. A little later McDonald, one of the Johnson royalists, with three hundred Indians and Tories, had ravaged the Schoharie Valley, and early in September the extensive and populous settlement of the German Flatts had been burned by Brant. Yet Cherry Valley remained untouched, and as the autumn passed on the inhabitants breathed more freely, for they knew that in winter the Indians were rarely found upon the war-path. Some who had left the settlement returned and those who remained began to relax their vigilance. The movements of Brant justified their conduct. In October, feeling that his summer campaign was ended, he made his way towards Niagara, to go into winter quarters. Unfortunately, before he reached his post, he met the man to whom the Cherry Valley massacre is due.

Just after the battle of Oriskany, Walter N. Butler, son of the Tory Colonel, John Butler, was arrested at the German Flatts, for endeavoring to incite a rising

among the people in favor of the crown. Tried by court martial as a spy, his offense was clearly proved and he was sentenced to be shot. Unfortunately his life was spared through the intercession of some of his early friends, and he was kept a prisoner at Albany. Thence he escaped in the summer of 1778, and joined his father at Niagara. Panting for revenge, and emulous of the fame which his father had won by the massacre at Wyoming, he eagerly sought an opportunity to show that the son was not unworthy of such a sire. With these objects, although the season was far advanced, he planned an expedition against the settlement at Cherry Valley, obtained the command of two hundred of his father's Tory rangers, and permission to employ the Indians under Brant. The Mohawk chieftain, whom he met returning from the east, was at first reluctant to serve under such a leader, but was finally persuaded to join the Tories with five hundred of his warriors. The little army thus swollen to seven hundred men, made its way through the lower portion of the State, and striking the Susquehanna, ascended its waters towards the doomed settlement.

The approaching force was overwhelming, and yet the final tragedy might have been avoided, save for the ignorance and folly of one man. The fort, which mounted four guns, was garrisoned by an eastern regiment numbering between two and three hundred soldiers. It was large enough to contain all the inhabitants, and would have afforded them a secure place of refuge. On the eighth of November, a messenger from Fort Schuyler brought intelligence of the hostile expedition. At once the people begged leave to move into the fort for safety. But the commanding officer, Colonel Ichabod Alden, of

Massachusetts, denied their prayer. The refusal was not due to inhumanity, for he himself lodged without the fort. He was simply ignorant of Indian warfare, presumptuous, and like many greater men despised the savage foe, whom he had never met. Promising the inhabitants that he would take measures to advise them of the approach of danger, he put out scouts in all directions. The party sent down the Susquehanna, partaking of the disposition of their Colonel, on the evening of the ninth, kindled a fire, and lay down in peaceful sleep. Towards day-break they awoke to find themselves surrounded and disarmed. On the night of the tenth, the enemy encamped on a thickly wooded hill about a mile southwest of the village. On the morning of the eleventh, they moved from their encampment toward the fort.

Col. Alden and Lieutenant-Colonel Stacia, with a small guard, lodged at the house of Mr. Wells, which stood on a little eminence just below the village. The place had formerly belonged to Mr. Lindesay, and is now owned and occupied by Mr. Phelon. Some of the other officers also lodged in private houses. The enemy, learning these facts from the scouts whom they had captured, disposed their force so that a party should surround the residence of each officer, while the main body attacked the fort.

Even the elements combined against the hapless settlement. The night before, snow had fallen to the depth of several inches; in the morning it turned to sleet, and the air was dark and heavy. The people, trusting to the assurances of Colonel Alden, were resting quietly at home, unconscious of approaching danger. One man only was abroad. He lived several miles below the fort,

and was coming to town on horse-back. When a short distance from the house of Mr. Wells, he was fired upon and wounded by the Indians. Putting his horse to full speed, he turned out of his way to inform the Colonel of their approach, and then hastened to alarm the fort. Still Alden was incredulous; he thought it was but a party of stragglers, and sent out orders to call in the guard. Before his order could be obeyed, the Indians were upon him. The advance was formed mainly of the Senecas, the most untamed and blood-thirsty of the Six Nations. Now, at length, the Colonel realized the danger, and fled down the hill toward the fort. Behind him followed a fleet-footed savage, with uplifted tomahawk. Several times Alden turned and snapped a pistol at his swift pursuer, but in the damp air the treacherous weapon failed him. At last the fort was nearly gained, its doors stood open for his reception, when the Indian's tomahawk, hurled with unerring aim, cleft his skull. As he fell, the savage rushed upon him, knife in hand, and, under the very muskets of the soldiers, tore off his bleeding scalp.

Meantime, at the house of Mr. Wells, a dreadful scene had been enacted. When the savages rushed in, the father of the family was engaged in his devotions, but a Tory slew him while he knelt at prayer. With him perished his wife and mother, three children, his brother, sister, and three domestics. One daughter, endeared to all by every christian grace, escaped from the house and sought safety behind a pile of wood. She was pursued by an Indian, who, as he approached, wiped and sheathed his bloody knife and drew his tomahawk. Having some knowledge of the Indian language, she begged piteously for life, and a Tory who had formerly been a

servant of her father interceded for her, claiming to be her brother. With one hand the savage pushed aside the Tory, and with the other smote her to the earth. Of this whole family, but one escaped the carnage. He was a young boy who was absent in Schenectady at school. Thus his life was spared. He grew to manhood, and settling in New York, made the name of John Wells famous as the foremost lawyer of his time. Looking down upon the desolation of his homestead, he might have said with Logan, "there runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." Like Logan, however, he was fitted alone to represent a race.

Another party of Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Dunlop, the venerable clergyman whose ministrations the colony had followed from its cradle. Through the intercession of a Mohawk chief, the old man's life was spared, but only that he might witness the fiendish murder and mutilation of his wife, and the destruction of his little flock. Carried away prisoner, he was soon released, but within a year went down to his grave broken with age and sorrow.

One other incident and I have done with these sickening details. I tell them that you may know what border warfare meant in Tryon County; that you may know what our fathers meant when they said they were "resolved to be free or die." A Mr. Mitchell was absent from his house when the Indians came. Finding return impossible, he fled to the woods for safety. When the fiends had departed, he approached his home, and there a fearful sight awaited him. He saw before him the bodies of his wife and four children. Extinguishing a fire which had been kindled to destroy the house, he bent over his little ones, hoping that life might still re-

main. In one, a girl of ten or twelve years of age, a spark seemed yet to flicker; he raised her up, brought her to the door, and with beating heart was watching over her return to life when another party of the enemy appeared. He had hardly time to hide himself behind a log fence near by, when they approached the house. From his hiding place he beheld an infamous Tory, named Newbury, bury his hatchet in the skull of the little girl. The next day the desolate father all alone bore the five corpses to the churchyard, and with the soldier's aid, buried them in a common grave. I am glad to say, that the following year Newbury was arrested in the Mohawk Valley as a spy, convicted on the testimony of Mr. Mitchell, and hung as a common malefactor.

The victims of the massacre numbered about forty-eight in all, sixteen of whom were Continental soldiers, the rest were mostly women and children. The fort was not taken, for the assailants had no cannon, and Indians rarely attempt to carry fortifications. During the day, several attacks upon it were made, but successfully repulsed. Outside of the fort, however, the whole country was laid waste. Houses and barns, with all their stores were burned, the cattle were driven off, and nothing but smouldering ashes marked the site of the once happy settlement. From the mere list of those who lost their lives, no idea can be gathered of the misery inflicted. Some families escaped and wandered almost naked to the Mohawk. Others, and these were the larger number, were taken prisoners, and felt themselves reserved for a fate much worse than death.

As I have already said, three of the citizens of Cherry Valley were particularly obnoxious to the Tories; they

were John Moore, Colonel Samuel Campbell, and Major afterwards Colonel Samuel Clyde. These three men all escaped, the first two being absent from home, the last being stationed in the fort. Their families, however, were considered as only second in importance to themselves, and special arrangements were made for their capture. Fortunately the wife and children of Colonel Clyde escaped, and fleeing to the woods, remained hidden all day and night under a friendly log. The families of Mr. Moore and Colonel Campbell were less fortunate. The former were taken without resistance. In the case of the latter, a fight was made that excited even the admiration of the savages. Mrs. Campbell's husband was absent, but her father, Captain Cannon, who lived at Middlefield, was visiting his daughter. He too was a member of the Committee of Safety, was an old sea captain from the north of Ireland, and never dreamed of surrendering without a blow. As he was all alone, except some negro slaves, he knew that a defense of the house would be useless, and would only endanger the lives of those entrusted to his care. But resolving to sell his life as dearly as possible, he sallied forth, with a stock of muskets, and a negro boy to load, and took position behind a tree which stood below the house. As the savages approached he poured into them a rapid fire, until a bullet in the leg brought him to the ground. When the Indians rushed up, they found that the force which had opposed their progress consisted of one old man. Happily he was recognized, and his position, with admiration for his gallantry, saved his life. The house was then surrounded, and Mrs. Campbell with her mother and four children were taken prisoners. Her eldest son was saved through the devotion of his negro nurse,

who wrapped him with the family Bible in a blanket and hid them behind a fence. When the father returned to his home this was all that was left of his family treasures.

As evening fell the enemy gathered up their plunder and prepared for a departure. The prisoners, drenched by the rain and with no protection against the wintry blast, but the scantiest apparel, were huddled in groups and marched down the valley. About two miles below the fort they halted for the night. Around them gleamed the watch-fires of the savages; far in the distance rose the smoke from their burning homes, while within their hearts dwelt sad forebodings of the future. At length dawn broke to their sleepless eyes, and again they resumed the march. The aged mother of Mrs. Campbell, unable to keep pace with her companions, was tomahawked by her Indian guard and thrown naked by the road side. Her daughter, bearing an infant in her arms, was driven along by the same demon with uplifted and bloody hatchet.

The next morning a halt was called and the joyful news communicated that it had been determined to send back the women and children. However, the families of Mr. Moore and Colonel Campbell were excluded from the act of grace, and reserved for a long and rigorous captivity among the Indians. The mothers were separated from their children, and it was not until near the close of the war that they were exchanged and reunited with their families. Eight years ago we laid to rest the last survivor of this party. A lad of six years, when he was taken prisoner, he remembered almost to his death the incidents of his Indian life. During the late civil war, one of his grandsons was taken by the Confeder-

ates and confined at Andersonville. As the old man heard how these prisoners were treated by their Christian captors, he used to say, that on the whole, he thought the red man was the least savage of the two.

On the morning after the massacre, a party of Indians returned to glean the bloody field, but two hundred militia arrived from the Mohawk, and they soon dispersed. Then followed the sad work of burying the dead. From the scattered ruins of their homes the charred and mangled corpses were gathered up. In the old church yard a deep trench was dug, and there in a common grave most of them were laid down to eternal rest. Upon this spot we have to-day erected our monument. It stands not to record a triumph, but that future generations, as they read the inscription upon its stone, may remember what it cost to win the liberties which sometimes we prize so lightly.

When the inhabitants, who had escaped, met again at the fort, and were joined by the prisoners who had been released, it was determined to abandon the settlement. Their homes were in ashes, all their property, except the bare land, had been destroyed, and to attempt rebuilding would only invite another raid, against which, from their exposed position, they had proved so powerless. Under the circumstances most of them moved to the Mohawk Valley, and there during the continuance of the war they did noble service. In the summer the fort was given up as useless, a band of marauders applied the torch to the old church, and Cherry Valley existed only as a recollection.

In the year after the massacre at Cherry Valley, General Sullivan conducted an expedition against the villages of the Six Nations. One part of his force passing from

the Mohawk to Otsego Lake dammed its waters, and floated down the Susquehanna on the flood caused by opening the dam. Turning to the west they dealt a blow to the Onandagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas, which it was hoped might give Tryon County peace. Yet even in this very summer Cobleskill was again ravaged, and frequent murders along the frontier showed how insecure was life.

But in 1780, the bloody work re-opened on a gigantic scale and continued down to the return of peace. First the little settlement of Harpersfield, the last of those along the Susquehanna, was blotted out, and then the valleys of the Schoharie and the Mohawk west of Schenectady, were made a desolation. I have neither time nor heart to dwell upon these scenes, in fact it would be but a repetition of the story which I have already told. In the various settlements rude forts had been erected, twenty-four in all, into which the inhabitants flocked for safety. But in the whole district outside their walls was hardly left a building or a breathing, living thing.

Yet you must not imagine that the sturdy patriots of Tryon County witnessed the destruction of their homes without resistance. After the battle of Oriskany, they saw full well what the future had in store for them. Writing to Congress they pointed out the dangers of their exposed position; showing how without a regular force it would be impossible to protect the frontier against the Indians, but closed by saying, "We are resolved if we do fall, to fall as becomes brave men." Nobly did they redeem their pledge. Time and time again they gathered and drove the invaders from their soil. The records are stained with fire and blood, but never with dishonor.

The town of Sharon but six miles distant, witnessed one of the bloodiest minor engagements of the war. A party of one hundred and fifty militia, led by Colonel Willet, whom the Indians called "The devil," with the brave Major M'Kean of Cherry Valley as second in command, utterly routed a hostile force of twice their number. A few months later occurred the battle of Johnstown, equally creditable to Tryon County. There Willet, with about five hundred men, defeated a force of Tories outnumbering his own, exclusive of some one hundred and thirty Indians. In the rout which followed this victory, Walter Butler, the author of the Cherry Valley massacre, lost his life. With poetic justice he met the very fate which he had meted out to others. Fleeing up the Mohawk he reached the West Canada Creek, across which he swam his horse, and then turned to bid defiance to his pursuers. An Oneida Indian who, like a sleuth hound, had followed on his track, with a rifle ball brought him wounded to the ground. Casting aside gun and blanket, the Indian plunged into the stream and swam across. Butler now piteously begged for mercy. The Oneida, brandishing his tomahawk, replied in broken English, "Sherry Valley, remember Sherry Valley!" and then cleft his skull.

These were about the only occasions on which the patriots could drive the enemy to an open fight. But the record is illuminated throughout with individual deeds of daring such as history cannot surpass. The world's tales of romantic valor contain nothing more absorbing than the lives of Murphy, M'Kean, Harper, Shankland, Shell, the Sammonses and Captain Gardenier. The story of their adventures would make the fortune of a novelist.

But against the enemy with whom they had to deal, valor, discipline and skill were powerless. Around them and in their very midst lived secret spies who gave notice of their every movement. To the Indians each foot of the surrounding country was familiar ground. They marched without baggage and by secret paths, and never knew fatigue. Behind them stretched illimitable forests, into which they would retreat when they had struck their blow. They never wanted for ammunition, for Canada and the British forts were unfailing arsenals. Besides this they now were fighting for their homes and hunting grounds, and the Tories, the bloodier of the two, had no future except revenge. Under such conditions it is no wonder that Tryon County was made a waste. What her patriot people suffered, the world can never know. Bare figures give but a faint suggestion, and yet they tell a fearful tale. Of the whole population it was estimated that about a third went over to the enemy, of those remaining one-half were driven from the country or died by violence. At the outbreak of the war, the county contained twenty-five hundred able-bodied men, at its close it numbered twelve hundred taxable inhabitants, three hundred widows and two thousand orphans.

Such were the sufferings of the loyal men of Tryon county; but looking at the grand result, they were not borne in vain. Their homes were ruined, their property destroyed, and at times gaunt famine threatened them with utter extermination; but they held the Mohawk Valley for the Continental cause. Beyond them lay Albany and the district of the Hudson, from which our army largely gathered its supplies. Had the Mohawk been surrendered, the Hudson would have been the

frontier of the State; and what that meant, Tryon County knew. But these twenty-four little forts, scattered along the Schoharie and the Mohawk, were never taken. About them blazed the fires and gleamed the tomahawks of the savage foe: around them bloody raids were made; but no army marching to the Hudson could leave such fortresses behind it. This gave to the county its strategical importance. But another consideration should not be overlooked. When, after the surrender at Yorktown, England made peace with her rebellious colonies, it was not so much on account of any defeats which she had suffered in the field, as because it was apparent that a people like this could never be subdued. Among this people, whose indomitable spirit thus wrung from England a reluctant peace, you will find none whose record for valor, constancy and fortitude surpasses that of the patriots of Tryon county.

I feel that I have given but a very imperfect sketch of what Central New York did and suffered in the Revolution. Yet read your school books, and of this you will scarcely find a trace. Read your more pretentious histories, and you will be told that New York had a large Tory population, and you will find little else besides. This is very true, but it is the merest fraction of the truth. It is only the dark setting of the picture, which should throw into the sunlight the glorious colors upon the canvas. No where were the Tories so active and untiring: but no where did the patriots do and suffer so much as here.

I am ashamed that New Yorkers have let other men write American history and make the picture of the shadow. With her capital, the whole of Long Island and Staten Island and most of Westchester county, in

the hands of the enemy ; with the central portion of the State such as I have pictured it, the wonder is that New York ever did anything toward the Revolutionary cause ; and yet of the thirteen States, three only furnished their full quota of men to the Continental Army, of these New York was one. But two furnished their full quota of money and supplies, of these New York was one. She was the only one of the thirteen that furnished her full quota of men, money and supplies.

Prior to the Revolution she was always foremost. She first resisted the oppressions of the crown ; she first made stand against the power of Parliament ; she led in resistance to the Stamp Act ; her merchants signed the first non-importation agreement ; her citizens organized the first committee of correspondence ; she first suggested Colonial Independence ; upon her soil the first blood was shed in the Revolutionary struggle. and within her border was fought the turning battle of the war. And yet historians have called her lukewarm. She first founded the freedom of the press ; she first established full religious toleration ; by her magnanimity she formed the first confederation of the States ; she gave to the Supreme Court its first Chief Justice ; she gave to America its first and greatest financier ; and yet her history has been substantially ignored.

But I believe that all this is coming to an end. With the records now accessible, every student knows the truth. Such gatherings as we have witnessed in the State during the last two years, show that the people are interested in the subject, and where there is knowledge and a desire for information co-existing, the two must come together. One thing I think New York in justice to herself should do. She now has a population

much larger than that of the whole thirteen colonies at the time of the Revolution. She has a history of unsurpassed importance. It should be made a study in every school-house in the State. The political system of this country is peculiar. In certain departments the General Government is supreme; it has exclusive control of commerce; it alone can make war or peace, coin money, and the like; and as supreme in these relations, every one studies the history of the United States, and is acquainted with the Federal Constitution. But in the larger circle of internal affairs, upon which the daily welfare of the citizen depends, the State is equally supreme. It is somewhat like the family circle, in which husband and wife are one, and yet each is a responsible independent being. A good American citizen should understand the history and Constitution of the United States; but as the citizen of a State, he should understand its history and Constitution. When this is done, New York will take her right position, not alone in history, but in the councils of the nation.

And now a few words more, and I have done. When the Revolution had closed, the scattered and broken inhabitants of Cherry Valley returned to their deserted homes. Exiles they called themselves, and well they might. They brought back from their wanderings nothing but stout hearts and the air of freedom which they breathed. But, nothing daunted, they began life over, and soon prosperity smiled upon the little valley. They were a God-fearing people, those early patriots. When in 1775 they received a summons to a Sunday meeting of the Committee of Safety, they replied that as the business was not urgent in its character, they could not forego attendance on the public worship of their God.

Now that they had returned from exile, they met in the old graveyard, and there upon the soil which contained their sacred dead they re-organized their church. The first pastor was the great man of whom I have already spoken, the famous Dr. Nott, of Union College. As the settlement was in its infancy devoted to the cause of liberal education, so it continued in its riper years. Here was located the celebrated Academy, in its day the best known institution of its kind in the center of the State. Until the canal and railroads had diverted travel and population, its lawyers were the leaders of the bar, and its physicians have always been pre-eminent.

The last half century has worked great changes in its fortunes; but I am proud to say that its people have not proved unworthy of their ancestors. A century has not thinned the strong red blood that coursed through the veins of the early patriots. We have to-day erected a monument in memory of those who a century ago died to give us liberty. Our other monument in the public square commemorates the sacrifice of those who died that it might not perish from the land. During the Revolution, the little town sent out more than one-tenth of its population to the Continental Army. I believe that no other place in the United States has such a record. How many went forth in the late war, no one seems to know; but the facts within our knowledge tell a tale which it is hard to equal. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, the town numbered about two thousand people; it furnished to the Union army six lieutenants, eleven captains, and ten officers of higher grade; nearly if not quite enough for a regiment of a thousand men. In the old graveyard lie the bodies of thirteen soldiers who died in service, while the bones of thirty-

two others are known to lie on Southern battle fields. Doubtless this does not complete the tale, for some died in prison, and others sleep in unknown graves; but if forty five were all, it would yet make a glorious record. One death in five enlistments is a large percentage. Measured by this standard, the little town must still have furnished to the army more than a tenth of its total population.

To such a people, I need hardly speak of the lesson taught by the event which we to-day commemorate; it has already come to them from the free hills by which they are surrounded, and the sacred soil beneath their feet. These, with the air they breathe, have been more eloquent than tongue of man. Her sons have shown how dearly they prized their fathers' Union by the joy with which they went to battle for it.

But a century ago the sacrifice was not ended when the war had closed. Our fathers returned to find ashes where they had left their homes; weeds and underbrush in place of cultivated farms. Others might have been discouraged; they, with valiant hearts, began their life anew. Not only did they suffer in the war itself, but while they lived the sacrifice continued. After a century, history repeats itself. Our brave soldiers saved the Union, but their sacrifice is not yet ended. At home the fathers and mothers nobly did their part, but their work is not yet done.

The Revolution left these valleys a waste of desolation; our war has left us an enormous debt; has prostrated our trade, and crippled industry. Our work will not be done until true prosperity is re-established, and our debt is honorably paid. Men who during the Rebellion were secret traitors to their country talk of repu-

diation, though they gloze the term with specious words. Communists from France, and Internationalists from Germany, preach the destruction of society. To some men these are attractive sounds. The signs about us seem to presage a conflict as momentous as any by which we have been tested. But as New York has always in the past proved a bulwark in time of war, I trust that she may now stand as a bulwark against national dishonor. People who have no history can perhaps afford to repudiate their debts, as men who have no character can afford to be dishonest; but New York can be placed in no such category. Certainly we here could not thus prove unworthy of our ancestry. Our fathers, our sons and brothers would rise from their graves as witnesses against us, if we refused to bear our part of the sacrifices in the cause of liberty. We complain of our taxation and the bitter pressure of the times; but think how this valley looked at the close of the Revolution. Let us be, like our ancestors, patient, brave and honest; let us trust in the God who has guided our nation from its cradle, and we shall see the return of a durable prosperity based on honesty, justice and respect for law.

At the close of Major Campbell's Address the following Ode was sung.

COLUMBIA'S GLORY.

Say, have you heard the story
Of young Columbia's glory,
When on the red field striving,
For life and liberty?
Then with the foe before us,
Kind heaven still watching o'er us,
Safe thro' the carnage bore us.
We fought! we bled! we won!
Then rose the grateful anthem,
To Him who made us free.

Where, by our eastern waters,
Prayed blest Columbia's daughters,
For heavenly aid to lead us,
To life and liberty,
There, first in strife, victorious,
The foe borne down before us,
Proud was the day and glorious,
The day of victory!
Then rose the grateful anthem,
To Him who made us free.

Sad were our hearts, and weary,
The years were long and dreary,
Ere dawned the day of promise,
Of freedom's battle won.
Long shall be known the story,
Of young Columbia's glory,
Long shall our hearts be grateful,
To Him who made us free !
E'en in the gift rejoicing,
Of fame and liberty.

ADDRESS OF HON. S. C. WILLSON OF INDIANA.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I appear before you on this interesting occasion, being summoned by the Committee to engage speakers for this meeting, from my distant home in Indiana. The Committee perhaps was not fully aware of the difficult task imposed when they designated me to follow the highly cultivated, learned and eloquent gentleman who has just taken his seat. I feel that he has given us such an exhaustive and minute account of the terrible scenes of that morn of blood, his picture of that savage butchery is so faithfully drawn and stands out in such bold relief that I acknowledge my inability and want of material to add anything of value to it. His portraiture was so present, vivid and realistic that we can hardly believe that a century has gone by, that one hundred years have gone to join those beyond the flood since the events brought so vividly before us, actually transpired. But "Time rolls his ceaseless course." We are here to-day discharging a duty which should have been discharged by our fathers at least half a century ago. When we shall have done what we have come together at this late day to do, we shall feel that we have discharged a high and patriotic duty; we shall feel too that we have added still one more attraction to this lovely vale of which we all justly feel so proud.

My friends, my home is among the Savannas of the west. I am justly proud of my adopted State, but this spot in which I first saw the light has always had a warm place in my affections, my desires both day and night have oft brought me in fancy back to this dear valley and the cot where I was born. I have been led when standing on "Lady Hill" and looking down the vale to exclaim, "My native land, all hail!" My friends I have never seen a country with grander scenery or more extended landscape views than our dear old Cherry Valley presents. I have stood on the Adirondack Hills, on the heights of the Kaatskills, the Alleghanies, the summit of the Rocky Mts., the Snowy Peaks of the Wasach Range, the Heaven towering tops of the Sierra Nevada. I have stood on the summit of the Coast Range that overlooks the lovely valley of Santa Cruz and out on the Bay of Monterey and the broad Pacific. Yet in all my sight seeing I have never seen so grand a view as can be seen from the brow of the hill near the Sulphur Springs a mile or two north from this very spot. The valley of the Mohawk lies spread out before you a vast panorama, which for extent and beauty I don't believe is excelled on the face of this green earth. The human eye fails to traverse the illimitable space spread out before it from Mount Independence. It is said by travelers to be one of the most extended views on the continent. Father Dunlop and his little Colony must have been delighted with the beauty of the landscape and the loveliness of this valley. Our forefathers were God serving and liberty loving men. They brought with them in one hand God's word of truth and in the other, religious toleration and free government. Their declaration of principles set forth after their settlement in

this lovely vale would do no discredit to the head or heart of a Jefferson or a Henry. I trust that their manly and liberty loving sentiments find a hearty response in the hearts of each one present to-day. It is not at all to be wondered at that they all with one accord and as one man (with the single exception of old Jackey Foster the Tory) should have joined in the war for the Independence of the Colonies from the aggressions of the King and Parliament of the mother country. How could our forefathers stand aloof when all the Thirteen Colonies were waging a war to carry out their own declaration of principles promulged before the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson in 1776. They did not. They engaged in the struggle to conquer or die. They conquered, but many fell fighting for principles dearer to them than life. *Peace to their ashes.* We have come together to-day to commemorate the deaths and perpetuate the names of others who fell by the brutal butchery of the Indians and Tories on that dreary morn, the 11th, of November, 1778. I can't help believing that Col. Alden was greatly derelict in duty in not listening to the entreaties of the men of the Colony to be permitted to put their wives and children into the Fort on the previous 8th, when the best informed of the colonists firmly believed that an attack was very soon to be made. He probably fell a victim to his own unbelief being murdered and scalped some fifty or sixty rods south of the stockade, in the direction of Judge Well's from whose house he had started for the Fort.

While I shall not attempt a recital of the terrible scenes and hairbreadth escapes of that morning, or occupy the ground so ably traversed by my friend, Major Campbell, I must be permitted to relate an incident that

occurred in the life of Uncle Hugh Mitchell, as often related to me when a small boy by Aunt Mollie Campbell, Uncle John Willson and others. Uncle Hugh was small of stature, sinewy, wiry and very fleet of foot, in short, a perfect athlete. He tried to persuade his wife and daughters to flee with him to the mountain, (Lady Hill) when the alarm gun was fired from the fort, but they refused, not believing that either Indians or Tories would harm innocent women and children. He labored with them until the savages actually entered one door of the house, when he escaped to the woods by another. He was hotly pursued by the Indians, but he outran them; when they gave up the chase, he stopped and cautiously returned to the house from which the smoke in large volume was issuing. He extinguished the fire and was endeavoring to reanimate one of his daughters in whom life was not wholly extinct. The savages again broke in upon him from the same door as at first, and he escaped again to the woods by the opposite door, again a hot pursuit and again a defeat of the Indians in the race. They returned to the house, finished the savage butchery of the daughter, set on fire again the house and left, taking with them the only boy he then had. Uncle again returned, put out the fire and the next morning but one, brought his wife and daughters to the Fort, and they were put into the common graves with the other murdered settlers. The Scotch Irish element, that composed almost entirely the little colony, was just the race necessary to endure the privations and hardships of a frontier life, and who could and did make the wilderness blossom as the rose. We their descendants, have a right to be proud of our origin and ancestry. They perhaps, were not without their

failings! Who of us are? Let us eschew their faults and imitate their virtues. The same element pervaded these colonies and settlements and wherever found the same indomitable energy cropped out, the same love of liberty and strict observance of the Sabbath, as was seen in the settlement of this dear old town. It has been said that my grandfather was so strict an observer of the Sabbath that (I don't vouch for the truth of it) he would whip his beer barrels for working on Sunday. But be it true or false, yet I firmly believe much of the corruption and loose morals of the present day may be traced to our giving way to the influence of our foreign population in their almost total disregard of the Sabbath and making it a holiday to be spent in fun, frolic, amusement and lager beer. If many men do observe religious duties, not from the love of God, but for fear the devil will get them, yet it is better so for the morals of the community, than horse-racing, dancing, picnicing and lager beer drinking upon God's holy day. Our politicians tell us that we have the purest and best government ever enjoyed by any people, though perchance the villains lie; my belief is that our government has greatly changed for the worse in the century just passed from the one our Fathers gave us. We are gravitating towards a pure Democracy and gradually leaving the representative Republican Government our Fathers established for us. I warn you to beware of centralization on the one hand and a pure democracy on the other. If we have drifted from our moorings, let us get back as soon as possible to our old Government. If we would perpetuate it and hand it down to posterity, we must have at least two pillars for it to rest upon, viz; public virtue and intelligence. We must speedily put a stop

to the present corruption, or we will soon follow in the footsteps of the Republics that have gone before us. When the Government is in the hands of the voters, they should be honest and incorruptible and of sufficient intelligence to discreetly use the right of suffrage, to learn to discriminate between the statesman and the demagogue. Then we may hope to hand down to future generations the noble Declaration of the principles of Free Government and Religious toleration given to us by our forefathers.

ADDRESS OF COL. W. W. SNOW OF ONEONTA.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am happy to meet you on this occasion. We come from Oneonta with Capt. Wood and his command to shake hands with you in commemoration of the dead, and the unveiling of the monument you have erected to perpetuate the history of those who suffered and died in the cause of liberty and free institutions. We stand here to-day upon sacred ground, watered by the blood of patriots, men, women and children, one hundred years ago, that we might enjoy a Republican form of government, free institutions and the protection of the stars and stripes, the emblem of our national independence. It is fitting for us to do homage in the name of the State in which we live, in the name of Cherry Valley, which was one of the western outposts on this continent during the revolutionary struggle. Great states have grown west of us, to-day enjoying happiness, peace and contentment, made sacred and lasting by the blood of the victims we celebrate. In the struggle for independence, the colonies numbered about 3,000,000 people. To-day 40,000,000 participate in its benefits, and are proud to be called American citizens. One hundred years from now, when we who are here to-day shall have passed away, I trust there will be another generation to do honor to the ashes of the dead and this monument

protected by the national emblem that now floats over us.

Mr. President, called upon unexpectedly to make remarks, I do not stand here to pronounce an oration. Other gentlemen have performed that duty nobly, giving you historical facts, incidents and scenes connected with the revolutionary struggle, in which Tryon County, then embracing what is now Otsego, Montgomery, and parts of Schoharie and Delaware counties, participated. The whole country then was revolutionary ground. The Mohawk, Susquehanna and Schoharie, with their tributary streams and mountains were inhabited by the white men, our ancestors, and Indians, who were the original proprietors of the soil. The germ of civilization and refinement was planted here, on this soil, by pioneers from England, Germany, Holland, France, Ireland and Scotland. In the strife for a Republican form of government, white men as well as Indians were divided. The whites who adhered to the dictations of the mother country, were named Tories, and allied with them a large portion of the Indians, known at that time as the confederacy of the Six Nations, consequently the struggle was brought home to the firesides of the early settlers of Tryon County, making it sanguinary and terrible in detail, and a contest unknown in civilized warfare.

The hamlets of that time were watered by the blood of mothers and children as well as the stern warriors who went boldly to meet the foe in open contest. Such were the cost and incidents that planted the tree of liberty on this continent, and it devolves upon us to-day to act well our part, protecting the same, and transmitting it to those who shall come after us, in the purity and splendor of the original design. It has been supposed,

and is a matter almost historic, that the Indians were the most to be blamed for the massacre at Cherry Valley. Such is not the fact. The young gentleman who has so ably addressed you on this subject, has given to the Indian tribes belonging to the confederacy of the Six Nations, their true character, and has well said "The massacre was an outgrowth of the revolution." They were led by Butler, the Tory, who with his rangers, directed the storm of blood and carnage, determined to punish the rebels with annihilation, and perpetuate the colonial government. He has well said the massacre of Wyoming was caused by robbing the Indians of their land. Such was the case.

The Indian is strong in his attachments, strong in his dislikes, revengeful against insults. The Six Nations that existed before the settlement of this country by the whites, was a powerful confederacy, and had a Republican form of Government. The women as well as men voted on all great occasions, especially in treating for lands. The home of the Six Nations was in New York. They conquered all the tribes to the Ohio river, and south to North Carolina, and to their credit they never made a slave of a conquered tribe. They demanded of them a portion of their hunting grounds and to furnish their quota of warriors in common defense. No white man has been able to make a slave of an Indian. If the government to-day would treat the Indians with more care and protection, we should have less bloodshed. The Indian is celebrated in his character for quick perception and a stoic indifference of what takes place in his immediate presence. He preserves his equanimity on all occasions. They are careful and cautious. When we contemplate the vast forests, streams and mountains

on which they roamed, without compass or guide, directed by the sun, moon and stars in their wanderings, we may well stop and reflect that we lack their inspiration and are behind the age of those untutored minds who made nature their servant.

Although the council fires of the Six Nations have long since gone out, and the tomahawk and scalping knife are known only in history, and time has almost obliterated the once peaceful tribes who originally owned the public domain, upon which now exists 4,000,000 of people, yet the Six Nations have left us their mythology. The metaphor of their dialect and language is impressed upon our mountains and majestic rivers and valleys, our small streams, towns and counties, which will remain and be handed down to other generations, long after our council fires have been extinguished, and we who sit here to-day shall be known no more at the hearth or altar.

Mr. President, I am directed to present to you and this assemblage here, for inspection, a tomahawk, also a brass monogram and memorial worn by Butler's Rangers, with the words stamped upon it, "Butler's Rangers." They were found near Oneonta village and on the property of Drs. S. H. and Meigs Case, the collectors of many interesting curiosities, and who have come here to-day to pay their respects at this most interesting celebration. The brass memorial is no doubt of English make, and the words upon it "Butler's Rangers," are as perfect as when stamped 100 years ago.

I was much pleased with the speech of the gentleman from Indiana, Mr. Wilson, who was born on this soil and came from his adopted State to pay his respects to the unveiling of this monument, and the ashes of the

dead. His tribute was well said to the memory of early settlers, but I cannot agree with him that the patriots in that struggle were more patriotic and more honest than their descendants of to-day, and that the present age has deteriorated. Sir, what did the men of the Revolution know about railroads and steamboats? What did they know about the telegraph that talks across the continent and over the ocean, and the discovery of new planets? Let me point you to Gettysburg and the prison of Andersonville, and hundreds of places of conflict and death in defending the republic and the national emblem that floats over us to-day. The republic was saved by the patriotism of her people, and made more glorious by the blood of its victims. Sir, the young man who delivered the oration to-day, is a scion of stock that suffered in the massacre. His oration is fruitful in language, rich in historical research, and fit to be spoken wherever civilization and letters abound, and would be listened to with interest and attention, as it has been to-day. May the same stars and moon that guarded the mothers and children in their flight in the wilderness, and the same sun that warmed them, continue to shed their light upon this memorial, sacred to the dead heroes, for all time to come.

At the close of Col. Snow's Address, President Potter being called upon, having stated that in view of the length to which the exercises had extended, he would speak but briefly, proceeded to make a few earnest, appropriate and very acceptable remarks.

The following was then sung by the Choir.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong!

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

Benediction was pronounced by Rev. H. U. Swinner-ton and the vast audience dispersed.

Immediately after the close of the exercises, Captain Wood's company was reviewed by Ex-Governor Seymour, in Monument Square and addressed by him as follows:

Gentlemen and Soldiers of the State of New York:

I am proud of the honor your captain and you have conferred upon me by the review I have just witnessed and the opportunity thus afforded me to address a few words of congratulation to you, not alone for your splendid appearance and your gentlemanly and soldierly deportment, but for your patriotic participation as citizen soldiers of New York with us and the citizens of Cherry Valley, in doing honor to the memory of those to whom we have dedicated yonder monument to-day.

After many years' experience in public life and in the affairs of this State, I am able to state to-day that in no department of the government of our great State, are the people so faithfully and patriotically served as by the National Guard. The unselfish and devoted patriotism with which you men perform your duty is an example, which, if followed by all the other departments of our government, would be a blessing to our people and a sure remedy for the evils from which we are suffering to-day.

One of the proudest recollections of my public life, is the fact that while Governor of this State during the war of the rebellion, I enrolled over 400,000 soldiers to fight in the army of the Union, and signed over 16,000 commissions of the officers to command them, and that by all of them I was most kindly treated and can

say that the State never received more faithful, patriotic service than she did from those men.

I am happy indeed to become acquainted with you and your officers, and to thank your captain for this opportunity to address you and wish you as you deserve every success and honor in your patriotic service.



Names and places of residence of Subscribers to the Monument.

Thos. L. Wells, New Jersey, Douglas Campbell, New York, James O. Morse, New York, John C. Campbell, New York, A. B. Cox, Cherry Valley, Geo. B. & Horace Ripley, New York, Mrs. Geo. C. Clyde, Cherry Valley, Mrs. S. M. Belcher, Cherry Valley, Miss Catharine Roseboom, Cherry Valley, S. C. Willson, Indiana, W. W. Campbell, Cherry Valley, Wm. C. Trull, Brooklyn, Henry Roseboom, Roseboom, Mrs. C. R. Roseboom, Roseboom, Mrs. S. A. Goodsell, Cherry Valley, Mrs. I. S. Campbell, Cherry Valley, Mrs. E. J. Belcher, Cherry Valley, Mrs. A. M. Marks, Cherry Valley, Mrs. E. Countryman, Albany, Edward Phelon, Cherry Valley, A. P. Palmer, Albany, Chas. McLean, Cherry Valley, Jefferson N. Clyde, Cherry Valley, Geo. Merritt, Cherry Valley, Wm. Burch, Cherry Valley, Frank G. Campbell, Cherry Valley, James C. Clyde, Cherry Valley, Wm. H. Baldwin, Cherry Valley, H. J. Olcott, Cherry Valley, G. W. B. Dakin, Cherry Valley, Jacob Sharp, Cherry Val-

ley, Joseph Phelon, Cherry Valley, Wm. H. Waldron, New York, H. L. Olcott, New York, DeWitt C. Clyde, Middlefield, Henry S. Wilkin, New York, David Little, Rochester, J. W. Barnum, Cherry Valley, John Judd, Cherry Valley, L. W. Thompson, Cherry Valley, Eph Walrath, Cherry Valley, Aaron Salisbury, Cherry Valley, Peter M. Salisbury, Cherry Valley, Evans & Jansen, Cherry Valley, H. B. Palmer, Cherry Valley, Alonzo Winne, Cherry Valley, Justus Van Deusen, Canajoharie, J. E. Hetherington, Cherry Valley, J. L. Sawyer, Cherry Valley, H. U. Swinnerton, Cherry Valley, A. L. Swan, Cherry Valley, Geo. Antisdel, Roseboom, N. C. Moak, Albany, W. S. Little, Rochester.

The contract price of the Monument, was eight hundred dollars. The largest subscription was sixty dollars. It was made by Thomas L. Wells, a grandson of the Wells, who with his entire family, with the exception of a son, who was from home, was slain in the Massacre.

The next seven upon the list, gave fifty dollars each. The balance was in subscriptions, varying from five to twenty-five dollars.